

## MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Amulet.  
**THE FORGED NOTE;**  
OR,  
**ARTHUR MOWBRAY.**  
A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH HOGART.

IN a retired village, in the State of New-York, free from the contaminating influence of wealth, the clashing interests of ambition, and the jarring strife of party-politics, lived the humble parents of Arthur Mowbray. They knew but little of the world, and had scarcely formed an idea of the dreadful extent to which vice and depravity is carried in great cities. Happy in themselves and their family which consisted of three promising boys, their speculations seldom reached the boundary of their little farm, where, in peace and quiet, they pursued "the calm and even tenor of their way." Arthur the youngest son, gave early evidence of precocious talents. He was born a *genius*—and while his companions at school were plodding on in the beaten track of literature, he outstripped the rules and gradations of learning, and arrived at once, at the far off goal. "He will make something more than common," the school-master would often say to his father; and "Squire Mowbray, as the old gentleman was familiarly called by his neighbors, (having once been a justice of the peace,) would shake his head, and reply gravely, "the boy is too wise for his years. I would rather see him like James and Egbert. The fact is, I don't know what to do with him; for he out-reasons and outwits me, a hundred times a-day. It may be better, and it may be worse for him, but it's hard telling how it will turn."

The Squire was a plain, shrewd, intelligent man; with a good deal of common, and no uncommon sense—honest and pious and simple-hearted—hospitable in his house, and the friend in particular of ministers of the Gospel. The principles of religion were early implanted in the hearts of his children, and enforced on their minds, both by precept and example: but the anxious father had doubts, and fears, and strange misgivings for Arthur; who, as he grew apace, and shot up into premature manhood, displayed powers of no ordinary cast.

I remember him well. I was a little girl when he came to my father's house, years after that period, a travelled and polished gentleman. The rusticity of country manners was entirely obliterated. Not a word or action betrayed his early habits, and those who knew him not, would never have suspected his humble parentage. The grace and ease of his behaviour made an impression on my childish fancy; and though then incapable of judging of character or talent, I listened to his fluent and fascinating conversation, with wonder and delight. He was, indeed, a young man of most astonishing powers. His Proteus mind assumed a thousand different shapes, from its inexhaustible store of knowledge and observation and uncommon originality. The current of his ideas never ceased to flow for an instant; and what was more remarkable, they passed over nothing in their course, without giving a new touch of brilliancy, beauty, or vigor. No subject escaped his attention, nor was beyond his mastery. His giant intellect grasped the whole range of literature and science, and held them as nothing in its strength; and while others were seeking with weary labor their hidden treasures, he drew forth the pearls from their unfathomed depths, & cast them around him with an unsparing hand. His face and figure were eminently handsome: but the expression of his eyes, I have never forgotten. It was willy, and dark, and unstable. His sudden glance was like the lightning flash, which carries with it an involuntary thrill of fear. It told that the heart was not right. The seeds of vice had fallen promiscuously on its prolific soil, and choked, in their wild luxuriance, the early growth of virtue.

It was soon after he had received the first rudiments of his education at the village school, that the bold and enterprising boy marked out for himself a high & dangerous course. His towering mind spurned the drudgery of that labor which had descended to him by birthright, and leaving his brothers to till the ground, he bade adieu to his paternal dwelling, and went forth into the world to seek for fame and fortune. In the metropolis of New-York, he first paused to consider what he could do. It was his ambition to study the profession of medicine, but he wanted the means. Accident, however befriended him. Mr. Courteney, a gentleman of a benevolent and eccentric disposition, who had seen him the year preceding, in his native town, met and recognized him in the city.

"As I live," exclaimed he, "it is the young genius of S—," and instantly accosting him, he inquired what had brought him to New-York.

"Curiosity and ambition, sir," said

Arthur, smiling. "Very well, young man," replied Mr. Courteney.—"Your curiosity, of course was to see the world; and your ambition,—"

"To rise in it, sir," answered he with quickness.

Mr. Courteney was pleased. He had loved and no children to inherit it, and leaved the reputation of patronizing youthful genius. A little further conversation convinced him that Arthur needed both friends and money, in order to prosecute his plans and wishes; and with a liberality but seldom met with, he kindly took him by the hand, and placed him in a situation far beyond his most sanguine hopes. Through his assistance, he was enabled to dip deeply into the Castilian well, and thus gratify his insatiable thirst for knowledge. But Arthur Mowbray's was not a mind to be governed by common rules, or to wait for the lagging pace of time: so that in a much shorter space, than is usually occupied in preparation, he was fitted to commence the study of his favorite profession.

We will pass over the few intervening years which carried him through his course of instruction, and placed him in the first rank of society. His insinuating address, and colloquial powers, gained him admittance into the houses of wealth and fashion; and as if to put the finishing stroke to his good fortune, a favorable opportunity was presented for his visiting Europe. It was that, which was his ruin. There he contracted habits of luxurious extravagance which demanded fresh supplies of money to support. In his emergencies, he resorted to the gaming table—the vice of playing, was succeeded by the vice of drinking and of cheating.

"What not without ambition, but without  
"What should attend it—  
"Would not play false, and yet would wrongly  
win."

The intellectual powers of his mind, prevented him from sinking at once into degradation. Much of his time was still devoted to inquiry and information; and he returned to America, after an absence of two years, with all the exterior of a scholar and a gentleman. I have described him as he then appeared. It was the first and last time I ever saw him; for it was but a few months after his visit at my father's that he was sentenced to the State Prison for Forgery. The report soon reached us: but to me the fact seemed an utter impossibility. In my childish ideas of the dreadful nature of crime, and the terrible infamy attached to criminals, I could not comprehend how one so elegant and gifted, could be sunk so low. His father, with all his piety, was unable to support with fortitude the overwhelming shock; and never afterward held up his head, or spoke with the confidence and independence of former days. Disgrace had fixed itself to his family. His fondest hopes were blasted, his pride wounded in the tenderest part, and his boast destroyed forever.

The circumstance of the forgery was one of the most aggravated nature. Mr. Courteney, the first friend, and noble benefactor of Arthur, had, in his untiring generosity, given his note for five hundred dollars, with a direction to collect the amount at the bank, for his own benefit. Mowbray, however began to require larger sums; and knowing that Mr. Courteney's credit was too good to be refused, he dexterously substituted five thousand, for five hundred dollars; He presented it for discount, received the money, and instantly left the city. An act of such hardened ingratitude and vice, could not long remain unpunished. He was detected, pursued, overtaken and committed for trial. One of his associates was also arrested and arraigned at the same time, on suspicion of being an accomplice in the crime; but for which he was afterwards acquitted. In the course of the examination, the counsel for the plaintiff put some questions to the latter, concerning the place of his nativity, his occupation, &c. &c.—He had come from the town of H—, he said, briefly; in order to engage in a mercantile house in New-York, where he had been some time established. The interrogator then turned his eagle-eye on Mowbray.

"And who are you, sir," asked he?  
"I am a gentleman, sir," was the laconic reply.

The court smiled involuntarily.  
"Take notice, gentlemen of the jury," said he with a biting sarcasm of manner for which he was often remarkable, that person says he is a gentleman."

The blood mounted to the forehead of Arthur, as these words were succeeded by a sudden burst of laughter. Silence however, was at length obtained, and the examination proceeded. It was long and minute: but the answers of Mowbray, were blind, wary, and guarded at every point. Still, there was an overpowering weight of evidence against him. His lawyer made a most able, eloquent, and ingenious defence in his cause—giving a short sketch of his for-

mer history, and unblemished character, his education, and station in society, his obligations to Mr. Courteney, and the seeming impossibility of his having committed the crime, for which he was arraigned at that bar. The cashier of the bank, he said, could not swear to his person. His client might have the misfortune to bear a strong resemblance in appearance, to some one possessing that want of principle and honor, for which he was so falsely accused. It was a case of deep interest, and required much consideration. Justice, he pleaded, should be extremely careful not to mistake its object; and by passing sentence on the innocent, heap disgrace on a name, whose possessor had already bidden fair by his talents and acquirements, to add to the reputation of his country. His arguments were subtle and sagacious, and appeared for the moment unanswerable: but in the hands of his opposing advocate, they were like cobwebs, which he brushed away with a breath. In clear and simple language, he unwound the sophisms of his adversary, thread by thread; and laid their fallacy open to the minds of the Jurors. With a perspicacity for which he was known and celebrated, he took in at one view the whole chain of his reasoning, and sifting it, part by part, he scattered it like chaff to the winds. The evidence was then summed up; and the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty." Not a doubt remained of the truth of the circumstance, or the justice of his sentence, while the judge pronounced in a serious and impressive voice, his condemnation to the State Prison. Still, the excitement of public feeling was wonderful on the occasion. Abhorrence at the base ingratitude of the crime, was almost swallowed up in interest and pity for the criminal: and a number of petitions were sent to the Governor for a commutation of his punishment. He could not, he did not dare to grant them—and Arthur Mowbray, who but a few months previous, would have been received with marks of distinction in any company, had his name branded with infamy, and was degraded to the meanest employments in a Prison. For three years, he remained in confinement; but at length a father's love, and the undying affection which dwells in a mother's heart, dictated an appeal so affecting, that a number of the most respectable inhabitants of their native town, were induced to join their names and influence; and his release was granted on condition that he should leave the State.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when the bars were removed and the bolts withdrawn from his prison doors; and he came forth from the gloomy and frowning edifice, a solitary being in the midst of a gay and populous city. The clear heavens, and the bright earth, and the varied objects which met his eager gaze, yielded him no thought of pleasure;

"For bitter shame, had spoiled the sweet world's taste."

He knew that he could have no communion with those whom he had once known; and as he wandered on among the multitude of busy and happy faces, he experienced a feeling of hatred to mankind, mingled with a sense of desolation more withering to his heart, than even the dreary and hopeless solitude of his prison cell. In the bitterness of his soul, he cursed himself, and his destiny. True, he was again free to walk the earth, and to look upon his fellow-men; but Cain-like, he was cast out as a fugitive and a vagabond from among them. The mark of disgrace was set upon him. The stain of guilt and ignominy could never more be wiped from his name; and he saw himself cut off from that part of society, which nature and education had fitted him to enjoy. His former visions of greatness, could return no more; and with the terrible consciousness of his irretrievable fall, his heart became hardened, and his conscience callous to the stings of reproach.

Time rolled on—and the memory of Arthur Mowbray, and the Forged Note, was thrown far back amidst the shadows of the past. His name and history were almost forgotten by those who knew him. Grief and shame had bowed his gray-headed father to the grave, where his mother had before found a refuge for her sorrows, and ceased to mourn for her apostate son. A fragment at length fell into the hands of Mr. Courteney, written as it appeared, by a prisoner, who had been sentenced under the name of Brainard, in one of the Eastern States. Death had freed him from the arm of justice; and the following papers were found carefully tied together, without any address, concealed beneath a loose beard, in the floor of his cell. They were merely headed with these words,

"FRAGMENT OF A LIFE."  
And commenced thus,  
To be Continued.

The treasure found at Algiers would pay the expense of the expedition.

## REVOLUTION IN FRANCE!

From the London Morning Herald, Aug. 4.  
**DETAILS of the Late CONFLICTS in PARIS.**

Letter from a Correspondent dated  
PARIS, July 30.

A postscript to my private note to you on Tuesday evening, (July 27) was couched in these terms: "We are for a revolution."

On Tuesday evening matters began to wear a very serious aspect. The gendarmes posted on the Palace du Palais Royal were incessantly attacked, by what you in London call a mob of dandies, with a perseverance and desperation of which all the riots, revolts, tumults, or revolutions of England afford no example. They were supported it is true, by young Bourgeois, and by the lower classes, but the majority, by 5 o'clock, were Paris fops, with rattans in their hands, and pistols in their pockets. Some of them were killed. Wishing to see something of the matter, I took a chariot and attempted to pass through the Place du Palais Royal and got into the thick of the fight. The cab-driver had been a chasseur a cheval of the Imperial Guard. When we reached the tails of the horses of the line of gendarmes posted opposite the Rue Froidmanteau, the excitement was too much for him. The people were charged by the cavalry—fired their pistols in their faces, retired and returned to the attack, with cries of *Vengeance!—Liberte!—A bas le Roi!*—*Vive la Charte!—Vive l'Empereur!*—*Vive Napoleon II!*—*La Mort a Polignac!—La Mort a Peyronnet!—Liberte ou la Mort!*—This was too much for my coacher. He lost his head and charged the gendarmes en arriere with his miserable old horse. I seized the reins and checked him, knowing how much he was compromising my safety, but it was in vain, for rising on his feet, and flourishing his caquette over his head, he roared with all his power.

Heaven knows I am in no honor for provoking a smile, but this and a few other trifling incidents will better prove the state of the city, and of the parties, than a full description.

Determined, as some imagined the gendarmes to be, at that time, I fancied I saw thus early symptoms of fear and indecision among them. Still they fought with certainty and desperation, but every moment their assailants were reinforced by boys, workmen, clerks, students, coachmen, and in short, all classes. The firing became every moment more sharp.

I returned home, and after dinner was making my way again to the Palais Royal, when I met a band of men in the Rue Viennaise, bearing the corpse of one of their unhappy comrades. As they passed, (was, indeed!) a Swiss post, their cries of vengeance were frightful. They took the body to the Place de la Bourse, stripped and exhibited it, surrounded by candles and amid unceasing cries of "vengeance!" and "Aux armes, aux armes!" The report of an odd shot fell upon the ear at intervals; but although the streets were crowded, no other sound was heard, save those abovementioned. A little later and the lanterns were smashed, their long cords left dangling in the centre of the street, bringing to mind the dreadful use made of them 41 years before. At ten o'clock the wooden guard-house of the Place de la Bourse was attacked, the gendarmes expelled, and the guard-house itself set on fire. A party of Saperus Pompies (firemen) arrived to extinguish the flames, but they would not be allowed to act, and suffered themselves to be disarmed.

Soon all the armourers' shops in Paris were attacked and every weapon carried off. At 11 o'clock comparative quiet reigned throughout Paris; but the nature of such a calm could not be understood. At 4 o'clock in the morning the People began to assemble at many points, but principally in the Rue St. Honore. The well-dressed mob of the preceding day re-appeared, and re-inforced, but were out-numbered by the terrible men from the Faubourgs of St. Antoine and Marceau. The Tuilleries were approached, but no act of hostility occurred up to ten o'clock. In the mean while the brave of the *cidevant* Garde Nationale began to assemble on the Boulevards, in the Place de Gerve, and in other places, with the certainty of death if defeated. At the same moment a new and most important incident occurred. The student of the Ecole Polytechnique, having been dismissed without their swords (lads of from fifteen to twenty-three years of age,) joined the people to a man, then separated, proceeding singly to different parts to take the command of the People, or rather to receive it from them; and nobly did they repay the confidence placed in them. In an hour an immense force was brought to bear on several points.

The Hotel de Ville was attacked, carried, and became *point d'appui*. The depot of artillery in the Rue du Bac (St. Thomas d'Aquin) was equally carried, and the cannon carried off to the most important points, and worked with amazing coolness and effect for two hours by these heroic youths. The Tuilleries were attacked, and defended by the 3d Regiment of the Garde Roale (all of whom were *Vendeans*), they were the first soldiers who fired on the people on Wednesday. Early in the day the Sapeurs Pompiers surrendered. A large proportion of the gendarmes soon afterwards followed their example. I should have said earlier that the whole garrison of Paris had been ordered out on the preceding night. The 5th regiment were ordered "Make ready!" to fire on the people on the Boulevard. They did so. "Present!"—and they turned their pieces on their Colonel, waiting with singular coolness for the word "Fire!" That officer immediately broke his sword upon his knee, tore off his epaulette, and retired. The people threw themselves into the arms of the soldiers, who received their embrace,—but maintained their position. *"Vive la Ligne!"* (regiments of the line) was in consequence, during the night, and ever since, a constant exclamation with the People.

At 10 o'clock I went to the Place du Carrousel. In the Rue Richelieu, and all the neighborhood of the Rue St. Honore, the parties were on face. The 3d Guards maintained the appearance of determination to fight. The people were accumulating frightfully.

I passed on to the Quai du Louvre. The Pont des Arts (a wooden bridge for foot passengers opposite the Louvre), and the Palace of the Institute, were so crowded, that I turned fortunately to the Pont Royal. At that moment a dreadful tirillade was heard in the direction in the Place de Greve. It was answered by a rolling fire in every direction, and in five minutes 15,000 of the finest troops in the world found themselves engaged with citizens variously armed. Here was a small party of elderly men, National Guards, who with a sang-froid only equalled by that of the beardless students of the Polytechnic School, opened their fire on the Garde Royale—horse and artillery, French and Swiss—taking especial care to avoid injuring the regiments of the line, who remained grave spectators of the slaughter that ensued. In another direction might be seen the ferocious Federees of the quarters St. Antoine and Marceau, with their pikes of 1815, or other less terrible looking weapons—thousands of women and unarmed people looking on and encouraging the popular party.

I have no time to do more than state the results.

For ten hours the war raged incessantly. On every hand, without intermission, musketry rolled, cannons thundered, shouts and cries were heard. I proceeded to a remote quarter of the town, which I found quiet as on ordinary occasions—but the cruel certainty that death ensued among some of the combatants every instant, the still more appalling doubt respecting the event, the dread of danger which menaced every man in Paris and the doleful tolling of the tocsin, produced sensations the nature of which may be conceived.

I had sat for two hours, at a window overlooking the city, with a Colonel of the Imperial Old Guard. His face was immovable, but he spoke not a word.—His practised ear detected what I could not have discovered for altho' a league and a half from the Hotel de Ville, the first words he uttered for 2 hours burst from his lips with a tone of triumph—"Nous avons un point d'appui la."

The Hotel de Ville had surrendered, and the new sounds proceeded from the victors and the retreating enemy. The "line" (the regiments of the line) fired no shot during the day. The 53d refused to act. The cannoniers of the Guard gave their pieces an angle of elevation which spared assailants who spared not them, or the intention was not ascertained.

The cavalry were cut up in a hundred charges.

The tri-colored flag soon floated on the tower of the Hotel de Ville, and on those of the Cathedral. (Notre Dame.) I am obliged to suspend details, and to be irregular from hurry.

On Tuesday night Prince Prignac narrowly escaped being made a prisoner. His house was roughly handled. On Wednesday night the celebrated Abbe de Frayssens (Bishop of Hermopolis) was arrested, I am assured. All the Priests disappeared during the day.

The Ministers all ran off, save Debellem, was thrown into prison for allowing some of the Journals to be printed.

At 10 o'clock the Tuilleries and Louvre still held out, but at that moment I saw march along the Boulevard part of a regiment of Lancers, whose appearance indicated extreme fatigue. They were quickly followed by a portion of



a regiment of infantry of the Guard. "These are new troops," I observed to a military gentleman of experience;—"you know the regiments in the departments have been called up to town."—"Tis a retreat," said he, "they are in full deroute—mark how the drums, music, officers, and soldiers, are mingled—and behold, there is a wounded officer. They must be sorely pressed, for see how his leg bleeds, and is still unbound. Many of them are, moreover, without shoes!"

A regiment, or the remains of a regiment, of Cuirassiers, mixed up with Gendarmes de Chasse, next followed—the horses cut up, and the men fainting. Lastly, a portion of a regiment of the line followed with a melancholy air.—The remainder of the three regiments first mentioned were dead, and as my friend guessed, the survivors, with some soldiers of a regiment of the line, were on their way to join the King at St. Cloud, where they arrived in a most confused state yesterday.

I find myself getting into details again, without time to reduce them to order.

The attack on the Louvre and Tuilleries was renewed early yesterday, and with success, but with great slaughter. The Palace was pillaged. The different barracks of the unhappy Swiss Guards were carried in the course of the day, and the Swiss (having refused to surrender) cut in pieces. A regiment of Hussars of the Guard marched in from Orleans yesterday morning, but hearing of the retreat of those above mentioned, they halted in the Place Louis XVI., and in the course of the day retreated upon St. Cloud, receiving a heavy fire on their way. At four o'clock in the evening there was not a man in arms against the people in Paris. The tri-colored flag waved once more over all the public monuments. The joy was universal.

The appointment of Gen. Lafayette to the command of the National Guard was a happy circumstance: 80,000 will be organized to night. At this instant the disarming of the rabble is in progress. There is a large boat at this moment receiving its melancholy freight of dead from the Palace of the Louvre.

The Duc de Orleans will be King.—His son is marching to Paris in aid of the Bourgeois, at the head of his regiment of Hussars. Gen. Gerard is at the head of the armed force under Lafayette. The Royal emblems and every mention of Royalty have disappeared everywhere. The King of France, whoever he shall be must be a very limited Monarch to receive the approbation of the people.

Napoleon II. is in the mouths of all the lower orders.

The newspapers will give you other particulars.

The troops are assembled in the Place du Carrousel, to march upon St. Cloud—but there will be little fighting.

At the moment I write, there are placards posted with these words—"No more Bourbons!"

July 31.—This is surely the most extraordinary nation on the face of the earth. The day before yesterday Paris was filled with 150,000 men engaged in mortal contest—its streets ran rivers of blood, and reverberated the thunders of artillery—the roll of musketry—the perpetual tapping of the pas de charge—the tolling of the tocsin—the cheers of the combatants—the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. Yesterday morning all was calm. The military service was performed with order and precision by 100,000 men, who never before this week figured as soldiers—under the influence, to be sure, of those heroic youths, the scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, and the example of the National Guards. A decent gravity reigned everywhere during the day.—At every instant were to be met men carrying on biers such of the wounded as could be transported to the hospital with safety; 1,500 of all parties are in the Hotel Dieu alone. While each of those poor unfortunate fellows passed, every man present spontaneously and most respectfully took off his hat. The dead were also honorably disposed of. The number in the Louvre was immense. Eighty were borne to a spot opposite the eastern gate of that building yesterday, and buried with military honors. Nearly as many were put on board of a lighter, and brought down the Seine to the Champ de Mars, and there appropriately interred. A considerable number, among whom were four Englishmen, who fell on the preceding day, were buried in the Marche des Innocens.

The evening was, if possible, more interesting and imposing. Already had the principal portion of the Garde Nationale been organized, and with "the people," the persons dignified by the superior orders as canaille, been put in possession of all the military posts of the metropolis, and occupied them with the air of veterans. Along the quays and streets the female inhabitants were to be seen seated in groups preparing bandages and lint for the wounded. The passages (already) afforded striking instances of this benevolent disposition. All the milliners, and their shop-women and work-women, were to be seen sitting outside their shops (be-

cause those, being closed, afforded no light) busily engaged in making lint.

Paris is so fortified interiorly, that a million of men would hardly suffice to carry it. I forget how many thousand streets it contains, but every street of them is capable of long and protracted defence—the means for which, however, I do not feel at liberty to describe.

The Ecole Militaire surrendered yesterday. The artillery from Vincennes marched up St. Cloud. The fortress itself remains in possession of the King's troops. The Duc de Bordeaux is said to be there. Poor child! I am sure he would not be molested. If menaced, he would certainly be preserved by the Garde Nationale, at the expense of their lives—yea, even the commonest laborer would answer for his safety, if he were thrown upon him for protection. The Priests had all disappeared, or, if visible, were disguised. The Provisional government caused them to be informed that they were under the protection of the nation, and might resume their functions in security. They have, in consequence, all returned to their churches. A large force had assembled at Versailles and St. Cloud, with the intention, it is said, of remaining there. They do not intend attacking Paris, it is believed, but, if attacked they will fight. They occupied Meudon and Mount Velerein (the heights to the right and left of St. Cloud.) Several hundred soldiers of the Regiment of the Guard are said to have left their regiments within these two days, and are to be met with in Paris with their mustaches shaven off.

The number of men under arms this day is comparatively small. The chateau of Tuilleries remains in the hands of the brave fellows who took it. If this were a subject upon which one could be pleasant, these extraordinary men would present ample materials;—for, as you may guess, their costume is various as their employments were from which they rushed into battle. They are principally of the working classes, and on Thursday night presented a most grotesque appearance.

The loss of both parties on Thursday [July 29th] was immense. It was evident to every man who saw them that the French troops were dejected. Some of them had not tasted food for 30 hours. They fought, moreover against their own countrymen. The poor Swiss had still more cause of dejection, for they apprehended that no quarter would be shown them. They were wrong, for the lives of all who surrendered were spared.—The people fought like lions.

At one point, a woman, in the costume of her sex, headed the Bourgeois, and was the boldest of the combatants, if degrees of bravery can be admitted in this most memorable conflict of modern times. A woman in man's clothes, fought at the attack on the Swiss barracks in the Rue Plumet. The 3d Regiment of the Guard (Vendeans) fought with extraordinary bravery and devotion. Many of the Cuirassiers surrendered their swords. The Lancers of the Guard—the finest body of men in the country—fought with heroism and constancy, but were dreadfully cut up. Many of them (private soldiers) were young men of family. The manner in which the Swiss fought, and the nature of the engagement, may be taken from the following instance: A company of them defended one portion of the Rue Honore. They were reduced to 60 when I saw them, and fought in three lines of single files. The people occupied the whole breadth of the street in front of them. The foremost Swiss soldier would fire, or attempt to fire, and would fall pierced with balls before he could wheel to gain the rear. The same occurred to the next, and so until they had every one fallen. The de Creve, was maintained with the most deadly obstinacy. The Rue St. Honore, for two days, was a perpetual scene of slaughter. There may be counted in the front of the house which forms the corner of the streets de Rohan and St. Honore, five thousand shot holes. The Louvre, (except the Picture Gallery—what a nation!) was on all sides attacked and defended at the same moment, and for hours. In the court of the Louvre a field piece was planted, which commanded the Pont des Arts, being exactly opposite the Institute. Here the fighting was so dreadful, and so maintained that the front of the Palace of the Institute is speckled with musket and grape shot. One cannon ball only appears to have been fired. It has smashed a portion of the wall, and from its elevation, must have caused dreadful execution in sweeping the bridge.

The attack on the Tuilleries was not of as long duration—it was over in two or three hours. A young fellow marched on with a tri-colored flag at the head of the attacking Bourbons. A thousand balls fired from the front of the Chateau, whistled by him without touching him. He continued to march with sang froid, but with, at the same time an air of importance, up to the triumphal arch, and remained there until the end of the battle.

The neighborhood of the Hotel de Ville was the theatre of a still more dreadful conflict. The people occupied the Quai Pelleteir and the Place de Greve. After a most sanguinary strug-

gle, they were slowly beaten from the Quay into the Place, which, with the Hotel de Ville, they maintained against some of the finest troops in the universe, throughout the day, and until those troops retreated.

The Lieutenantcy of the Kingdom is offered to the Duc d'Orleans. The King is said to have gone to Lille. All the emblems of Royalty are removed, and the names of streets referring to it are expunged. The Deputies are again assembled this moment at La Fite's.

What a deplorable act was the issuing of the Ordinance on Monday last!—What slaughter has ensued! What changes have been effected by it!

Respecting a renewal of the engagement, I repeat my hope that it will not be attempted. Several of the officers of the Garde Royale who fought on Wednesday, have resigned their commissions; amongst others Count (I think) Latour du Pin, giving as his reason, his objection to fight against his countrymen. If this example be widely imitated the affair will end without further bloodshed; if not, the contemplation is too horrible to be entertained for a moment.

The shops are still very generally closed, notwithstanding the proclamation of municipality. As you may suppose, much distress would be felt by the people, (being all unemployed) had not arrangements been made for their subsistence. The families requiring aid, received bread and other provisions. The men on duty, in like manner, received bread, cheese, meat and wine, which with the different parties parade through the streets, preceded by a drum.

The order that prevails, reflects upon the people and their Chiefs the highest honor. The National Guard will have immortalized itself by its exemplary conduct, in protecting persons and property from possible injury. To the credit of the Parisians be it known, that amid all their excitement, no foreigner has been insulted; but I should exhaust all terms of eulogy, were I to dwell upon the valor of the French during the combat, and their excellent conduct when even flushed with victory over an obstinate and brave enemy.

Money is not to be had. The money changers have all disappeared, so that foreign coin, or securities cannot be turned into French specie.

On the evening of Wednesday, an eagle (one of Napoleon's old regiments) was mounted over the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel, together with the tri-colored flag. The flag remains but the eagle has been taken down.—The tri-colored cockade or breast knot, is general, only among the French, but Russians, English, Germans, Danes, and other foreigners.

PARIS, July 31, evening.—The streets are now crowded with persons laughing and as gay as if they had come from a dance. The King had yesterday 15,000 men with him at St. Cloud, all chosen for their loyalty. The greatest part left him and the tri-colored flag is now floating over the Palace of St. Cloud. Never was there a more glorious week for France. The bankers and the first people in the place have joined the National Guards. All Paris is now armed. The united French army would not be able to put down the spirit now existing.

Another English gentleman now in Paris writes thus—"We have emerged from a dreadful crisis. Tyranny is subdued, and liberty has triumphed. Glory and honor to the Parisians! they have achieved a mighty action. For three days Paris has been a scene of warfare. Blood has flowed in torrents; at least 3,000 men have fallen on both sides;—some say 5,000; but the military are the principal sufferers. The spirit of the people was inconceivable; they successively carried every post, drove the soldiers before them, took the Tuilleries, the Louvre, and all public buildings by assault. Yesterday at 6 o'clock, all Paris was in the hands of the citizens. To their honor be it said, property—public or private—was every where respected."

PARIS, Saturday evening, July 31.—All is tranquil here. The gates of the city are open, and the streets, which had been torn up by the populace, with the intention of throwing the stones from the tops of the houses upon the military, are repairing. The King of France has fled to Nantes, accompanied by the Duke of Bordeaux and other members of the Royal family. They have carried off with them the crown and all the jewels. They will there wait for the ex-ministers, when it will be decided whether they will proceed to Germany or to England. Such of the Swiss Guard who had survived the carnage have forsaken the King.

The reader will have noticed the name of the venerable LAFAYETTE, as the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. A noble champion in a noble cause! The uniform, steadfast, zealous defender of liberty and the rights of man! The Duke of Orleans has been appointed by the Deputies, Lieutenant General of the kingdom and has accepted the appointment.

PROCLAMATION.  
Addressed to the French by the Deputies of Departments assembled at Paris.  
Frenchmen!—France is free. Abso-

lute power has raised its standard; the heroic population of Paris has overthrown it. Paris attacked, has made the sacred cause triumph by arms which had triumphed in vain in the elections. A power which usurped our rights and disturbed our repose, threatened at once liberty and order. We return to the possession of order and liberty. There is no more fear for acquired rights—no more barrier between us and the rights which we still want. A Government which may, without delay, secure to us these advantages, is now the first want of our country.

Frenchmen!—Those of your Deputies who are already at Paris have assembled; and till the Chambers can regularly intervene, they have invited a Frenchman who has never fought but for France, the Duke of Orleans, to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. This is, in their opinion, the surest means promptly to accomplish by peace the success of the most legitimate defence.

The Duke of Orleans is devoted to the national, and constitutional cause.—He has always defended its interests and professed its principles. He will respect our rights, for he will derive his own from us. We shall secure to ourselves by laws all the guarantees necessary to liberty, strong and durable.

The re-establishment of the National Guard, with the intervention of National Guards for the choice of the officers.

The intervention of the citizens in the formation of the departmental and municipal administrations.

The Jury for the transgressions of the Press, the legally organized responsibility of the Ministers, and the secondary agents of the administration.

The situation of the military legally secured.

The re-election of Deputies appointed to the public offices we shall give at length to our institutions, in concert with the head of the State, the developments of which they have need.

Frenchmen!—The Duke of Orleans himself has already spoken, and his language is that which is suitable to a free country.

"The Chambers," says he, "are going to assemble; they will consider of means to insure reign of the laws, and the maintenance of the rights of the nation."

"The Charter will henceforward be a truth."

The following is the Proclamation of Gen. La Fayette:

Fellow-Citizens.—You have by unanimous acclamation elected me your General. I shall prove myself worthy of the choice of the Parisian National Guards. We fight for our laws and our liberties.

Fellow-Citizens.—Our triumph is certain. I beseech you to obey the orders of the chiefs that will be given to you, and that cordially. The troops of the line have already given way. The guards are ready to do the same. The traitors who have excited the civil war, and who thought to massacre the people with impunity, will soon be forced to account before the tribunals for their violation of the laws and their sanguinary plots. Signed at General Quarters.

"Le General du Bourg, LAFAYETTE."

"Paris, 29th July."

MUNICIPAL COMMISSION OF PARIS.

PARIS, July 31.  
Inhabitants of Paris!—Charles X. has ceased to reign over France. Not being able to forget the origin of his authority, he has always considered himself the enemy of our country, and of its liberties which he could not understand.

After having clandestinely attacked our institutions by all the means which fraud and hypocrisy gave him, he resolved, when he thought himself strong enough to destroy them openly, to drown them in the blood of the French.

Some instances have sufficed to annihilate this corrupted Government, which had been openly a permanent conspiracy against the liberty and prosperity of France. The nation alone is standing adorned with those national colors which it has conquered in blood. It will have a government and law worthy of itself.

[The remainder of the Proclamation is a panegyric on the inhabitants of Paris.] The Moniteur contains some news from the Departments. Wherever the Ordinances and the events at Paris were known, the sentiments of the people had been expressed with the same indignation against the measures of the Court, and the same enthusiasm for the Charter and liberty of the Press have been displayed.

From the Journal du Commerce.

PARIS, July 31.  
Inhabitants of Paris!—The Deputies of France, at this moment assembled at Paris, have expressed to me the desire that I should repair to this capital, to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

I have not hesitated to come and share your dangers, to place myself in the midst of your heroic population, and to exert all my efforts to preserve you from the calamities of civil war and of anarchy.

On returning to the city of Paris, I wore with pride those glorious colors which you have resumed, and which I myself long wore.

The Chambers are going to assemble,

they will consider the means of securing the reign of the laws and the maintenance of the rights of the nation.

The charter will henceforward be a truth.

LOUIS PAILLIPE D'ORLEANS.  
Extraordinary Supplement to the Moniteur, July 31.

PARIS, July 31.—It has been necessary to designate for each branch of the public Administration Commissioners to replace, provisionally, the Administration which has just fallen with the power of Charles X.

The following are appointed Provisional Commissioners:—For the Department of Justice, M. Dupont de L'Eure; Finances, Baron Louis; War, Gen. Gerard; Marine, M. de Rigny; Foreign Affairs, M. Bignon; Public Instruction, M. Guizot; Interior and Public Works, M. Casimir Perrier. (Signed)

LOBAU A. DE PUUYRAVEAU,  
MAUGUIN, DE SCHONEN.  
Paris, Hotel de Ville, July.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The "gay nation" has, it seems, deposed their king and thrown off all restraints of arbitrary power, with as much facility, and almost as suddenly, as one of their favorite dancers would turn a pirouette. This event surprises no one, though it fills all with admiration. It has long been evident to all, that the revolutionary ball set in motion, at Faneuil Hall, in '75, and which received a new impulse, from the French, in '99, had not yet reached its destined goal. It has met, in France, and elsewhere, with some impediments, all of which will, in due time, be removed by the progress of intelligence. The failure of the first experiment of free institutions, in France, was owing to two causes—to the want of general intelligence among the people; and to the hostilities of other powers, which, by rendering necessary large standing armies, led to the establishment of a military despotism. The recent revolution affords a better promise. France is more enlightened, and particularly more free. The Monarchy was in a great measure, broken down by the confiscation of the Church estates.

The aristocracy has been weakened by the confiscation of their estates, and by the abolition of the law of primogeniture. On the ruins of these interests, a middling interest has arisen, composed of small proprietors, whose number is great, and every day increasing. It is remarked, by Mr. A. H. Everett, in his "Europe," in reference to the abolition of the law of primogeniture, that, "if the Government did not change the law, the law would change the Government." In the hands of this new interest, France will be safe. A very limited Monarchy may be established, in place of the arbitrary power which Charles Xth attempted to exercise. All this promise may, however, lead to another disappointment should the powers of Europe determine to oppose the wishes of the French.

In this case, the flames of civil war must rage, till they are quenched, as in the former revolution, with blood; all France will become an encampment; her whole energies will be devoted to her defence from foreign invasion, and the most able and successful General will necessarily become a military despot. Naples, Spain, and Portugal, already ripe for revolt, will be set free by the arms of France, and become her allies. Europe will be involved in another twenty years' war. But will the European powers interfere? England, whose councils will have great influence will hesitate long before she engages in an enterprise so expensive, and, among her own people, so unpopular. She cannot afford to expend five or six hundred millions in another contest. But, in a short time, facts will take the place of speculation.—Boston Palladium.

The Duke of Orleans, who has been elected the head of the Provisional Government of France, under the title of Lieutenant General, is nephew Charles X. His father suffered by the guillotine during the revolution. He was during the revolution, a Colonel of republican cavalry, and fought in several battles under the tri-colored flag. He was, afterwards, obliged to fly to Switzerland, where he was a professor of Mathematics, and sometime after, went to England, and took up his residence at Chiswick. On the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France, and had the whole of his immense property restored to him. He was formerly, for a short time, a resident in Boston, and boarded with Mr. Amblard, a Frenchman, who lived at the West corner of Wilson's-lane and State-street. He also resided for a short time, in Baltimore, where he offered his hand to a young lady of that city, who refused him. The Duke has long been popular with the liberal party of France. His sons were educated at the public schools, and, at the funeral of Julma, who was obnoxious to the government, his carriage was the only one belonging to the nobility, which appeared in the procession. The Duke is remarkably fine looking, and has a commanding air. The nearest heir to the French throne is the Duke Angouleme—the next the Duke of Bordeaux—and the third the Duke of Orleans.—lb.



**REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.**—A letter has been published in a Natchez paper, from a native of the Choctaw Nation, giving an account of the return of Mr. DAVID DALY, who was the bearer of a proposition from that tribe to the Executive of the U. S. stating the terms upon which they will sell their lands and emigrate beyond the Mississippi. The President, it seems, thought proper to decline the proposition, for which the writer condemns him in very strong terms, and even goes so far as to say that Gen. Jackson, "whilst he is always talking about his red children, and how he loved them, and wished to see them prosper, and become a great people, is at the same time trying to cheat them out of their lands."—*Id.*

James B. Gardiner, who, some years ago, was expelled from the Legislature of Ohio for bribery, and whose nomination as Register of the Land office at Tiffin, in Ohio, was last winter unanimously rejected by the Senate, has been appointed by the President as a sort of Political Missionary to the North-western Indians, (an office created by the President for the purpose of rewarding Gardiner, and over which the Senate of course had no control,) at a salary of \$3000 per annum! This Mr. Gardiner was the editor of the Ohio People's Press. What evidence shall we next have, of the contempt in which the President holds popular opinion, and the decisions of the Senate, a majority of whom are his political friends? And can it be possible that the people will continue to lend their sanction to such high-handed conduct? It cannot be.—The day of retribution is approaching.

To be sure it is—but we have two years and a half of corruption to endure yet, while "our suffering is already great and cries aloud for relief," as the Secretary of State would say.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

The Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has urged upon the War Department the adjustment of the Claim of that State and of Maine, on the General Government, as allowed and provided for in an act of the last Congress; but nothing has been done in regard to it, in consequence of the absence of the Secretary from the Seat of Government.—*Salem Gazette.*

**FELLENBERG.**—The Journal of Education has become the Annals of Education, &c. under the care of Mr. Woodbridge, who has for two years studied the principals of the best schools in Europe, and seen the operation of them on the spot. There is no doubt that a periodical so conducted, on a subject of such vital importance, will grow into extensive favor. We make an extract, and would make more but doubts for the honesty of it. The following anecdotes of Fellenberg were written by himself in a letter to Mr. Woodbridge.—*Palladium.*

I was born 1771. I was, if I mistake not, only four years of age, when playing with a small cart, I was forced by its impulse down a steep declivity, towards a stream of sufficient depth to drown me. At the same time I beheld my mother hastening to my assistance, and endeavouring to arrest the cart. I saw her extended upon the gravelly declivity, still persevering, although covered with blood in her maternal efforts, without which I should have lost my life. The impression made by this act of devotedness, has never been effaced from my memory, or my heart. I believe it contributed powerfully to direct me in that course of life which I have followed during the last forty years. It was eight years after this event that I saw my mother holding a Gazette, in the embrasure of a window, in the castle of Wildenstein, in Argovie, where my father was perfect of the Government of Berne. I saw her weeping bitterly. I ran to treat her to tell me what occasioned her tears. She at first answered, that she could not tell me because I should not be able to understand her. Upon my renewed entreaties, she said, that the Americans had lost a battle, and explained to me, in a manner suited to the understanding of a child of my age, the struggle between the English Government & the freemen of N. America. The impression which this account, accompanied by my mother's tears, produced upon me, is among the number of those which exerted a preponderating influence on my youthful development.

It was about this time, that I found myself, then twelve years of age, with an old aunt under a large Linden tree, before the Castle of Wildenstein, attentively observing, while conversing with her, what was passing in the yard. We suddenly saw a man, clothed in a singular manner, with a thick beard and long black hair, ascending with rapid steps the avenue to the Castle. My aunt, alarmed at this apparition, sought in her pocket for something to give him, to induce him to withdraw. At the same time I saw my father, who, in the meanwhile, had left the castle, hastening with great eagerness to embrace him. My aunt was astonished, and I could hardly wait for a convenient moment to ask my father for an explanation of what seemed so enigmatical in the apparition that excited my curiosity. I learned, after the

departure of this man, equally singular in his conversation and appearance, that notwithstanding his then repulsive aspect, he was highly distinguished for his benevolent temper and devotedness to the best interests of humanity. It was upon this occasion that I heard for the first time the name of Pestalozzi.

## THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 14.

Now that the electioneering campaign is over, and we are relieved from that unpleasant task, we shall feel it our duty to indulge upon other topics than those of politics. We rejoice, and our readers will rejoice with us, that we have not been compelled to resort to prevarication and slander to keep our party alive. We have said nothing which we did not believe to be true. While on the other hand our opponents have been driven by desperation, to resort to the basest & most disgraceful mode of electioneering. We shall not however drop political subjects entirely, but shall notice the results of the elections, and occasionally advert to past times. We shall endeavour to employ our columns with such matter as shall not fail to be useful and interesting to all.

Our columns and this week occupied with important and interesting news from France, which cannot fail to attract deep interest in the mind of every reader.

**Rhode Island Elect.**—The returns received of the recent elections of State Representatives in Rhode Island comprise 25 of 31 towns in the State, giving the aggregate of 41 friends of Clay and the American system, and 16 Jacksonians. Of the remaining 6 towns, 2 will certainly return 4 Clay men, and 4 probably 8 Jacksonians. The whole number in the House, being 72 we shall have at least 45 true men in the House to 27 Jacksonians. This will give the Clay party eleven majority in Grand Committee. Last year the majority was 3, making a gain of 8 on the Clay side. The work goes bravely on. The people are for Clay. *Boston Patriot.*

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

**IMPORTANT OPINIONS OF GROTIUS.**—Thiago Grotius, in his "Books of the Rights of War and Peace," has labored to prove that men have a right to make war on each other; and also to show what are, and what are not justifiable causes of war. He gave it as his opinion, that men have a right to wage war for defence—for the recovery of one's property or debt, and for the punishment of an offence committed. This doctrine would seem to open the way for perpetual and justifiable hostilities among men; and may probably have had much influence in promoting wars among christians. But his chapters on the unjust causes of war, and the dubious causes of War have a contrary tendency: and his exhortations not rashly to engage in war, though for just reasons—together with what he says of the right which subjects have to judge for themselves whether a war be just or unjust if duly considered, would exclude war from the world. Under the head of doubtful causes of war, this writer, after showing that there are instances of controversy, in which it is uncertain, whether there be a just cause of war, gives it as his opinion, that in such cases it is the safest course to forbear; as it is better to acquit the criminal than to condemn the innocent.

Now war is, he adds, of the weightiest importance, and by it the innocent suffer a great many afflictions; and therefore peace should be the end that all our counsels should aim at. In the same chapter he mentions three ways whereby misunderstandings among princes may be accommodated without war.—"The first is by conferences—

"For all that hostile swords can do  
By conversation 's done as well."

The second is arbitration. In support of this he mentions a saying of Thucydides—"It is barbarous and abominable to fall on him as an enemy who is willing to put his cause to a reference." He also exhibits several examples in which this mode had been adopted by Pagans. But much more, he says, are Christian Kings and States obliged to take this method for the prevention of war and bloodshed.

The third way to prevent war is to determine differences by CASTING LOTS.

Either of the three ways proposed would accord with the principles of civilization and be much better than public war.

The next would be a barbarous mode, but far less unjust and cruel than national hostilities. In a duel two lives at most would be taken, and these probably of men who the world could spare without great detriment.

In his exhortations not rashly to engage in war, Grotius has brought to view several considerations of great weight. The example of Christ, who died for us while we were yet sinners and enemies. The obligations we are under to our heavenly Father to take greater delight in forgiving than punishing—the charity we owe to all men, even our enemies and the dreadful calamities a prince or state bring upon the people in making war. Were these considerations duly impressed on every mind there never would be another war. *PLACO.*

**FAMINE IN IRELAND.**—Remarkable are the annals of famine and distress in this unhappy country, never, it is said, did these sad visitations of Providence appear in more appalling forms than at present. Committees of investigation and charity are engaged, and they find many families who have not had three meals a week for a long time.

## THE INDIAN BILL.

If this Bill is actually as fair as it appears, and was not designated to operate injuriously upon the rights and privileges of the Indians, why was the following amendment, offered by Mr. Sprague, rejected?

"Provided always, that until the said tribe or nation shall choose to remove, as is by this act contemplated, they shall be protected in their present possessions, and in the enjoyment of their rights of territory and government, as promised and guaranteed to them by treaties with the U. States according to the true intent and meaning of such treaties."

Why was the following proposed by Mr. Frelinghuysen, rejected?

"Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed, as to authorize the departure from, or non-observance of, any treaty, compact, agreement, or stipulation, heretofore entered into and now subsisting between the U. States and the Cherokee Indians."

If it was intended to conduct the negotiation in good faith, why this aversion to give a pledge to that effect?—Will a man, whose steadfast purpose it is to do right, hesitate to bind himself to do right? Can an upright man, or body of men, wish to be freed from the obligations of morality and common justice? Neither of the above provisions asks for the Indians a whit more than is promised and guaranteed to them by the U. States. Is a just man unwilling to fulfil his promises? If the security contemplated by either of these amendments had been guaranteed by the adoption of one of them, we doubt whether there would have been found ten persons in the Halls of Congress, if indeed in the whole United States, who would have opposed the passage of the Bill. *Christian Mirror.*

**CENSUS OF GARDINER.**—Males, 18-57, Females, 1823, total, 3,680. Of this number 67 are colored, and one deaf and dumb—one blind. The number of inhabitants in Gardiner in 1810, was 1,028, in 1820, 2,053, having gained 1,025 in the period of ten years. In the last 10, the gain has been 1,627, or 81-1-4 per cent. Considering the situation of the town, as it respects its previous population, and the population of the surrounding country which has by no means kept equal pace with it; and also considering that no public works have been going on here to give an unusual spur to the business of the place, it may probably be said with safety, that the permanent increase has exceeded that of any town in the State. Bangor to be sure has received an accession of numbers greater by 16. But then Bangor is placed in the centre of a country whose population has probably tripled in 10 years. Its previous population was also much less, and it has not in its immediate vicinity two large and flourishing villages like Hallowell and Augusta, the very near neighbors of Gardiner. We understand that Hallowell has gained about 1000, or 34 per cent, and Augusta about 1,500, or 61 per cent.—*Gardiner Intell.*

## CENSUS IN MAINE.

	1820.	1830.	gain.
St. George,	1,375	1,647	272
Orono,	415	1,472	1,057
Hampden,	1,478	2,010	532
Sunkhaze,	146	250	104
Argyle,	110	327	217
Waterford,	1,035	1,125	90
Lovell,	430	497	267
Sweden,	249	487	238
Albany,	238	387	99
Athens,	590	1,200	610
Harmony,		584	

The returns from Athens shows the curious fact that the sexes in that town are exactly paired, there being six hundred males and six hundred females.

**Eclipses of the Sun.**—The following table setting forth the times and duration of the great eclipse, Feb. 12th, 1831, has been furnished us by a person, who has himself carefully calculated its elements, and who assures us of the correctness of the result:

Beginning at Boston 11h. 38m. A. M.  
Middle 1 19 P. M.  
Greatest Obscuration 1 9 "  
End 2 35 "  
Duration 2h. 57m.  
Eleven-twelfths of the sun's diameter will be eclipsed.

In 1834 and 39, eclipses nearly as large as that of next year, may be expected. The first will happen Nov. 30, the second Sept. 18th.

Only two eclipses, total to the United States, will have happened, at the close of the present century. The first was in 1806, which was total in New England.

It has been stated that total eclipses were more frequent than annular. From a calculation made for a period of 109 years, from 1791 to 1900, it appears that there are four annular and two total.—The statement is therefore of very doubtful accuracy.

The number of solar eclipses, visible in the United States, during the present century, will have been thirty-eight. *Newburyport Herald.*

It gives us pleasure to announce the safe return of our townsman, CHARLES S. DAVIES, at his residence, on Saturday last. He has politely furnished us with London papers, from which we shall make many extracts.—*Port. Adv.*

**EXPLOSION.**—The Powder Factory at Gorham, was again blown up yesterday morning at about half past nine o'clock. The explosion was distinctly heard in this town, and was supposed by many at the time to be thunder. We understand no person was injured. *Daily Courier of the 7th inst.*

The Duke of Orleans will be 57 years old on the 6th Oct. next. Charles the Tenth is about 73. General La Fayette is 74.

## MARRIED.

In Portland, on the 23d ult. Capt. David Harward, of Bath, to Miss Charlotte T. Chandler, of Portland.

## DIED.

At sea, Capt. David Harward, of Bath, aged about 32, master of brig Flamingo, of Bath, which was capsized at sea on the 26th ult.—His vessel was upset in a gale of wind on the evening of the day on which he sailed. He went into the cabin to get his papers, and as he came up the companion way, the deck load started, struck him on the head, and stunned him to such a degree that he was unable to help himself, and consequently perished.—Capt. Harward had been married only 2 days before his death.

## Money and Steam!

The Maine State Lottery for the encouragement of Steam Navigation is now in operation, and some very handsome prizes have been sold. The Lottery draws to-morrow, and will continue to draw about once in two weeks. Persons who wish to make money are invited to purchase a ticket at Barton's. He has sold more prizes than any other person in the State in proportion to his tickets. Letters attended to the same as on personal application. *ASA BARTON, Agent.* *Norway, Sept. 13.* *3w 13*

## CAUTION!

ALL persons are hereby cautioned not to purchase a Note of hand by me signed, running to Patty Holman, or order, for the sum of twenty dollars and interest, dated May 5, 1830, and payable in one year from date; said note was given without any consideration, and I am determined never to pay the same. *OLIVER PUTNAM.* *Dixfield, Aug. 28, 1830.* *\*3w12*

## Cart Wheels, &c.

ONE good pair of White Oak Cart Wheels. Four good Spinning Wheels and one Linen Wheel, for sale cheap if applied for immediately. Also, 40d, 20d, 10d, 6d, and 4d Cut Nails, at 8 cents per pound. Also, a quantity of empty Boxes, Barrels, Casks &c. cheap. Likewise, a few casks of good LIME. *ASA BARTON, Agent.* *Sept. 14.* *3w 13*  
For sale as above, a few good New York Hats, very low.

## ALVAN DINSMORE,

INFORMS the public that he intends to open a School at Buckfield Academy for the purpose of instructing young Ladies and Gentlemen, in those branches of education usually taught in our Academy. Said School will commence by the middle of September next. \* Tuition—25 cents per week, or \$2.50 per quarter. *Poland, Aug. 24, 1830.* *3w11*

## New Bargains.

**C. J. STONE,**  
CORNER OF COURT AND MIDDLE-STREETS, PORTLAND,  
HAS just received from the New-York Auctions a large assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, purchased at great sacrifices, and will be sold lower than ever previously offered—among which are—

LADIE'S Blue, Brown, Olive & Mix'd Cloths from 8/3 to \$8; 20 ps Tartan, Scotch and Rob Roy Plaids from 20 cts to 2s; Red, White, Yellow and Green FLANNELS; 50 ps fine Circassians, assorted Colors 25 cts to 2/6 per yard; 5 cases fancy Calicoes 8 to 12 1-2 cts; 26 cases very rich dark fancy Prints 1s to 2s cts; 1 case fine Philadelphia Plaids, 12 1-2 cts; Rich dark English, French and German Gingham; 50 doz. Cotton and Silk Flag Hdkfs 12 1-2 to 2/3; 2200 yds Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces 2 cts to 1s; Blk Levantine, Gros de Naples and Italian Silks. Blk Nankin & Canton Crapes \$2.75 to \$6; Blk & White Lace Veils 2s to \$4; Superfine 4/4 Checks at 1s; 20 bales Brown & Bleached Shirts and Sheetings 5 to 20 cts. Super Ticking 13 to 25 cts; black and other cols Bombazetts 15 cts to 1s; Sateenets; Cassimeres; blk & slate Worsteds; Hosiery; Silk do; Gentleman's and Ladie's Silk, Beaver, Hosiery & Kid Gloves; Hosiery and York tan Mitts; Mens Stout Buckskin Gloves; Ribbons; Laces; Braids; Cords; 1 case Pins; Linens; Long Lawas; White, Blk and Red Merino Shawls; White, Blk and col'd Cambrics; Plain and fig'd Bock, Jacksonet, Cambric & Swiss Muslins—with many other articles too numerous to mention. *N. B. A liberal Credit will be given to country Dealers.* *Nov.-3.* *19*

## BOOTS AND SHOES!!

**RUFUS F. BEAL** WOULD inform the inhabitants of Norway and vicinity that he has on hand and will constantly keep a good assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' SHOES. Ladie's Morocco, Kid and Prunella Shoes. Children's Shoes. Slippers, &c. which he will sell at wholesale and retail, cheap for Cash or approved credit. He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes of all descriptions at short notice. All of the above manufacture are warranted to be good. Boots and Shoes made to measure, of the best stock. *Norway Village, Aug. 21, 1830.* *3w10*

## Public Attention!

IS most respectfully solicited, by the subscriber, to an **INVALUABLE PREPARATION**, the merits of which have been tested by TIME, and are sustained by undoubted testimony.

## DR. RELFE'S

## BOTANICAL DROPS!

are every year increasing their long established reputation. They have outlived many rival preparations, and are continually gaining upon public confidence. The *Botanical Drops* have been successively administered for many years, as a thorough remedy for that well known and prevalent class of inveterate diseases, which originate from a vitiated habit of body, or an hereditary predisposition in the patient, and generally appear under the various and distressing shapes of *Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Scurvy, Foul and Obsolete Ulcers, Sore Legs and Eyes, Scald Head, & Venereal Taint.*

In the last mentioned condition of the system, the *Botanical Drops* will be found to eradicate the lurking poison, where Mercury has totally failed, and thus prevent the parent from entailing the seeds of an hereditary disease on his offspring. **DR. RELFE'S BOTANICAL DROPS** are successfully used in cases of violent eruptions after the *Meazles—red blotches—pimples on the face—festering eruptions on the skin—and other diseases of the external surface, and are one of the best Spring and Autumnal physics known, to free the system from humors.*

A physician of eminence who had witnessed the efficacy of this article, had the candor recently to acknowledge to the Proprietor, that he considered it the best medicine known, for the complaints for which it is intended, and that it ought deservedly to stand at the head of the whole class of such remedies.

Price \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.

## WHITE TEETH! AND HEALTHY GUMS!

THOSE who would retain, or restore these desirable personal advantages, are assured that no composition can be obtained superior to the

## BRITISH ANTISEPTIC DENTIFRICE.

This is an elegant and pleasant preparation in every respect, and has for many years past, given universal satisfaction wherever it has been used.

The *Antiseptic Dentifrice* is exempt from acid and other deleterious ingredients, which too frequently enter the composition of tooth powders in common use, and it whitens the enamel of the teeth without doing it the least injury. The regular use of this admired powder by purifying the mouth and preventing the accumulation of Tartar, operates as the best preventative of the TOOTH ACHES. The *Dentifrice* removes discolorations, and restores the beautiful native whiteness of the enamel. And its application braces and strengthens the Gums, it secures to them their healthy and florid hue, and by removing all offensive foreign accumulations from the teeth, preserves the natural sweetness of the breath.—Price 50 cents.

\* None genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. CORWAY. For sale with all the other "Convey Medicine," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover streets, near concert Hall, Boston; and by his special appointment, by ASA BARTON, who has for sale a general assortment of Drugs and Medicines. Large discount to those who buy to sell again. *Norway Village, Aug. 31* *9*

## MONEY!! WANTED!!!

OWING to the pressing want of "MONEY" at this time we are admonished by our obligations to our creditors that we must not be unmindful of their liberality towards us, and are therefore necessarily compelled to call upon all persons who are indebted to the undersigned, for ADVERTISING and JOB PRINTING, to be "punctual" and make immediate payment, (for punctuality is the best safeguard to promote the welfare of all trades.) It is not our desire to vex at any time, but when necessity "stares us in the face" we are driven to the unpleasant task of doing it. We hope our patrons will take this as a friendly hint, and remit to us our due forthwith.

GOODNOW & PHELPS,  
Observer Office, Norway, July 26, 1830.

## ASHES!

WANTED.  
THE subscriber will continue to take well burnt Dry House ASHES through the season, for which he will pay 14 cents per Bushel, in Goons. *INCREASE ROBINSON.* *Norway, June 8, 1830.* *50 2m*



POETRY.

TO A FRIEND.

'A Friend is worth all the hazards we can run.'  
Yours.

I met thee when my sky was bright,  
But not the brightest it hath been,  
For ah! my early days flew light.  
As zephyrs on their silken wing;  
And fortune with her golden store,  
Had fill'd my cup—I wish'd no more,  
I bow'd my heart at FLEASURE'S shrine,  
I felt her brightest joys were mine.

I met thee too, when grief's deep flood  
Rush'd wildly o'er my frantic brain—  
When fortune frown'd—and hope's fair bud  
Was blasted—ne'er to bloom again:  
Fate, adverse fate—in awful wrath,  
Then strew'd with thorns, life's sweetest path,  
And bid my heart, so fierce the blast,  
The future dread—lament the past.

When sickness twin'd around my brow  
Her pallid wreath; I met thee then;  
Reluctant, did my spirit bow  
Neath the stern decrees of fate again;  
To pierce my wounded heart still more,  
Then magic mem'ry op'd her store;  
"Oh Heav'n! (I cried) one wish bestow!"  
O'er all that's past bid lithe flow.

Thine eye was kind, when clear my sky,  
And glitt'ring hope's sweet fancy fled;  
But, when affliction's wave dash'd high,  
And wound in anger round my head—  
When o'er my fate—no bright ray gleam'd;  
Then kinder still, thy kind eye beam'd;  
But far the kindest seem'd thine eye,  
When health had fled—and sickness nigh—

The "healing balm" thou didst impart,  
More to be priz'd than India's wealth,  
Then joy'd my sad desponding heart,  
To greet again sweet rosy health;  
I felt, that earth could yet bestow  
One real friend, in hours of woe:  
Though from my lips no words be giv'n,  
I'll breathe thy name in prayer to Heav'n.

L.

DAVY JONES AND THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

We had refitted, and been four days  
at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when  
the gun-room officers gave our mess a  
blow-out.

The increased motion and rushing of  
the vessel through the water, the groan-  
ing of the masts, the howling of the  
rising gale, and the frequent trampling  
of the watch on deck, were prophetic  
of wet jackets to some of us; still mid-  
shipmanlike, we were as happy as a good  
dinner and some wine could make us,  
until the old gunner shoved his weather-  
beaten phiz and bald pate in at the door.  
"Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you  
will spare Mr. Cringle on the fore-castle  
for an hour until the moon rises."

"(Square, quotha, 'is his majesty's offi-  
cer a joint stool?)" "Why, Mr. Kenne-  
dy, why? here, man, take a glass of  
grog." "I thank you, sir. It is coming  
on a roughish night, sir; the running  
ships should be crossing us hereabouts;  
indeed more than once I thought there  
was a strange sail close aboard of us,  
the scud is flying so low, and in such  
white flakes; and none of us have an  
eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John  
Crow, and he is all but frozen." "Well,  
Tom, I suppose you will go"—Anglice,  
from a first lieutenant to a mid—"Brush  
instantly."

Having changed my uniform, for shag-  
trowsers, pea-jacket, and southwest cap,  
I went forward, and took my station, in  
no pleasant humor, on the stowed jib,  
with my arm round the stay. I had  
been half an hour there, the weather  
was getting worse, the rain was beating  
in my face, and spray from the stern was  
flashing over me, as it roared through  
the waste of sparkling and hissing wa-  
ters. I turned my back to the weather  
for a moment, to press my hand on my  
strained eyes. When I opened them, I  
saw the gunners' gaunt, high-featured  
visage thrust anxiously forward; his  
profile looked as if rubbed over with  
phosphorus, and his whole person as if  
it had been playing at snap dragon.—  
"What has come over you Mr. Kennedy?  
—who is burning the blue-light now?"  
"A wiser man than I am must tell you  
that; look forward, Mr. Cringle—look  
there; what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the ex-  
treme end of the jib-boom, what I had  
read of, certainly, but never expected to  
see, a pale, greenish, glow-worm colored  
flame, of the size and shape of the frost-  
ed glass shade over the swinging lamp  
in the gun-room. It drew out and flat-  
tened as the vessel pitched and rose a-  
gain, and as she sheered about, it wavered  
round the point that seemed to at-  
tract it, like a sopsud bubble blown from  
a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into  
the air; at the core it was comparatively  
bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a  
baleful and ominous light on the sur-  
rounding objects; the group of sailors  
on the fore-castle looked like scorpions,  
and they shrunk together, and whispered  
when it began to roll slowly along  
the spar towards where the boatswain  
was sitting at my feet. At this instant  
something slid down the stay, and a cold  
clammy hand passed round my neck, I  
was within an ace of losing my hold and  
tumbling overboard. "Heaven have  
mercy on me, what's that?" "It's that  
skylarking son of a gun, Jim Sparkle's  
monkey, sir. You, Jim, you'll never

rest till that brute is made shark bait of."  
But Jackoo vanished up the stay again,  
chuckling and grinning in the ghastly  
radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit  
of the Lamp." The light was still  
there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst  
of vapor from a steam boiler, came down  
upon the gale, and flew past, when it  
disappeared. I followed the white mass  
as it sailed down the wind; it did not,  
as it appeared to me, vanish in the dark-  
ness, but seemed to remain in sight to  
leeward, as if checked by a sudden flaw;  
yet none of our sails were taken aback.  
A thought flashed on me. I peered still  
more intensely into the night. I was  
now certain. "A sail broad on the lee  
bow." The ship was in a huz in a mo-  
ment. The captain answered from the  
quarter deck, "Thank you, Mr. Cringle.  
How shall we steer?" "Keep her a-  
way a couple of points, sir, steady."—  
"Steady," sung the man at the helm;  
and a slow melancholy cadence, altho'  
a familiar sound to me, now moaned  
through the rushing of the wind, and  
smote upon my heart as if it had been  
the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the  
boatswain, who was now standing be-  
side me—"Is that you or Davy steering,  
Mr. Nipper? If you had not been there  
bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn  
that was your voice." When the gun-  
ner made the same remark it started the  
poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke,  
but could not. "There may be a laced  
hammock with a shot in it, for some of  
us ere morning."

At this moment to my dismay, the ob-  
ject we were chasing, shortened,—grad-  
ually fell abeam of us, and finally disap-  
peared. "The flying Dutchman." "I  
can't see her at all now." She will be  
a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel that has tack-  
ed us, sir." And sure enough, after a  
few seconds, I saw the white object  
lengthen, and draw out again abast our  
beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put  
the helm down, or she will go to the  
windward of us." We tacked also, and  
time it was that we did so, for the rising  
moon now showed us a large schooner  
under a crowd of sail. We edged down  
on her, when finding her manœuvre  
detected, she brailed up her flat sails,  
and bore up before the wind. This was  
our best point of sailing, and we crack-  
ed on, the capt. rubbing his hands.—  
"It's my turn to be the big un this time."  
Although blowing a strong north-wester,  
it was now clear moonlight, and we  
hammered away from our bow guns, but  
whenever a shot told amongst the rig-  
ging, the injury was repaired as if by  
magic. It was evident we had repeated-  
ly lulled her, from the glimmering white  
streaks along her counter and across her  
stern, occasioned by the splintering of  
the timber, but it seemed to produce no  
effect.

At length we drew well upon her  
quarter. She continued all black hull  
and white sail, not a soul to be seen on  
deck, except a dark object, which we  
took for the man at the helm. "What  
schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave-  
to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent.—  
"Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you  
could pick off that chap at the wheel?"  
The marine jumped on the fore-castle,  
and leveled his piece, when a musket-  
shot from the schooner crashed through  
his skull, and he fell dead. The old  
skipper's blood was up. "Fore-castle  
there? Mr. Nipper, clap a cannister of  
grape over the roud shot, into the boat  
gun, and give it to them." "Aye, sir!"  
gleefully rejoiced the boatswain, forget-  
ting the augury and every thing else in  
the excitement of the moment. In a  
twinkling, the square foresail-topgallant-  
royal and studding-sail halyards were  
let go by the run on board the schooner,  
as if they had been shot away, and he  
put his helm hard aport as if to round  
to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the  
stern. He has not surrendered. I know  
their game. Give him your broadside,  
sir, or he is off to windward of you like  
a shot. No, no, we have him now;—  
heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We  
did so, and that so suddenly, that the  
studding-sail booms snapped like pipe  
shanks, short off by the irons. Not-  
withstanding we had shot two hundred  
yards to the leeward before we could lay  
our maintopsail to the mast, I ran to  
windward. The schooner's yards and  
rigging were now black with men, clus-  
tered like bees swarming, her square  
sails were being close furled, her fore  
and aft sails set, and away she went dead  
to windward of us. "So much for un-  
dervaluing our American friends," grum-  
bled Mr. Splinter.

We made all sail in chase, blazing a-  
way to little purpose; we had no chance  
on a bowline, and when our 'Amigo'  
had satisfied himself of his superiority  
by one or two short tacks, he deliber-  
ately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled  
down his flying jib and gaff topsail, tri-  
ed up the bunt of his foresail, and fired  
his long thirty-two at us. The shot  
came in at the third aftermost port on  
the starboard side, and dismounted the  
carronade, smashing the slide, and  
wounding three men. The second shot  
missed, and as it was madness to remain  
to be peppered, probably winged, whilst  
every one of ours fell short, we reluc-  
tantly kept away on our course, having  
the gratification of hearing a clear well-  
blown bugle on board the schooner play  
up 'Yankee Doodle.' As the brig fell

off, our long gun was run out to have  
a parting crack at her, when the third  
and last shot from the schooner struck  
the sill of the midship port, and made  
the white splinters fly from the solid oak  
like bright silver sparks in the moon-  
light. A sharp, piercing cry rose in the  
air—my soul identified that death-shriek  
with the voice that I had heard, and I  
saw the man who was standing with the  
lanyard of the lock in his hand drop  
heavily across the breach, and discharge  
the gun in his fall. There—upon a  
blood-red glare shot up into the cold blue  
sky, as if a volcano had burst forth from  
beneath the mighty deep, followed by a  
roar, and a shattering crash, and a ming-  
ling of unearthly cries and groans, and  
a concussion of the air, and of the wa-  
ter, as if our whole broadside had been  
fired at once. Then a solitary splash  
here and a dip there, and short sharp  
yells, and low choking bubbling moans,  
as the hissing fragments of the noble ves-  
sel we had seen fell into the sea, and the  
last of her gallant crew vanished for ever  
beneath that pale broad moon. We  
were alone, and once more all was dark,  
and wild, and stormy. Fearfully had  
that ball sped, fired by a dead man's  
hand. But what is it that clings black  
and double across that fatal cannon, drip-  
ping and heavy, and choking the scup-  
pers with clotting gore, and swaying to  
and fro with the motion of the vessel,  
like a bloody fleece? Who is it that was  
hit at the gun there? "Mr. Nipper,  
the boatswain, sir. The last shot has  
cut him in two." [Blackwood's Maga-  
zine.

LAFAYETTE ON HIS FARM.

Every thing connected with the pa-  
riarch of La Grange is interesting to the  
American people, for whose indepen-  
dence he came, when a stripling, to fight  
by the side of Washington; whose con-  
fidence he always enjoyed, and whose  
virtues he has constantly emulated.—  
Hence we are induced to offer the fol-  
lowing extract from a familiar letter writ-  
ten by an American lady in France, to  
her husband in America, giving some  
account of his farm, but without any  
idea of its being published.

Such details serve as well as more  
public acts and duties, to illustrate the  
individual man, and to some of our read-  
ers they may prove more interesting than  
political speculations.—*Amer. Farmer.*

LA GRANGE, May 29, 1830.

The weather has been so wet since I  
have been here, that yesterday was the  
first day I could get out. The dear old  
General took me entirely through his  
farm-yard; you can have no idea of the  
perfect manner in which his cattle are  
taken care of—the comfortable houses  
and beds; the cleanliness and regularity  
of feeding are astonishing. He has here  
a flock of 1200 of the finest Merino  
sheep, all of which I saw turned out, at-  
tended by two shepherds and four dogs.  
The cows are much larger than ours,  
generally, and are treated more like hu-  
man beings than brutes. They are turned  
out in the morning and brought in in  
the heat of the day, fed, suffered to rest  
a certain time, and again turned out un-  
til sunset, when they are put up for the  
night. In one of the stables there are  
twenty-two cows. The veal they have  
here is the whitest, fattest and nicest I  
ever saw. The calves are attended by  
women, and fattened by a peculiar pro-  
cess—they give them eggs, four a day to  
each calf, which are put down their  
throats whole; this, with their allow-  
ance of milk, fattens them in a very  
short time. Each cow is confined with  
a halter of sufficient length to let them  
lie at their ease; their hides are nicer  
and cleaner than many of our gentle-  
men's carriage horses. In another sta-  
ble were thirteen cows, amongst which  
were those of the Devon breed, given  
him by Mr. Patterson of Baltimore; also  
nine half grown, all as he told me were  
of the same stock. The horses in the  
General's stables are attended to with  
equal care. There were in the stable  
fifteen horses, besides his carriage hor-  
ses, and three donkeys—one large one  
for farm use, the other two for the young  
ladies and children to ride; I assure you  
they go quite pleasantly, as yesterday I  
rode one all round the park, and to the  
lake. The piggery is the most complete  
you can imagine, containing a great num-  
ber of hogs of all sizes, ages and breeds,  
but the one you gave the General is the  
largest ever seen, and is much more es-  
teemed than any of the others. The  
farm yard is a very large square, with  
a building extended quite round it. The  
house for the sheep occupies an entire  
side of the square; the buildings are all  
of stone, and built as if to endure for-  
ever. The General has a great variety  
of birds, poultry, and American deer;  
all provided with the nicest possible ac-  
commodations. Were you here I am  
sure you might designate many things  
that would be valuable for our farmers  
to know. They make cheese here, as  
well as the finest butter I ever tasted.—  
The dairy is admirably arranged; in-  
deed the whole is a pattern farm—the  
General appears to take great pleasure  
in it; he walks as nearly over it every  
morning as he can. Since his fall on  
the ice he cannot ride on horseback,  
which is a great pity, as he was very  
fond of that exercise, and was in the  
habit of riding entirely over his farm

when the weather admitted. You can  
have no idea of the benevolence of this  
good old man. There are at least twenty  
poor families who are daily supplied  
from La Grange with every thing that  
can make them comfortable, besides I  
know not how many others that are pro-  
vided for.

CAUTION.

AN attempt is making to give curren-  
cency to a spurious Composition  
called JEWETT'S PILLS, on the strength  
of the high reputation of the genuine ar-  
ticle which has been so extensively used  
and so universally esteemed for the last  
three years.

The genuine *Jewett's Improved Veget-  
table Pills*, or *German Specific* are prepa-  
red from the prescription of a celebrated  
German Physician, and are not the for-  
mula of any Physician of this country.—  
The spurious Pills profess to be prepa-  
red from a receipt of a late Physician in  
New-Hampshire, of the same name,  
and on the strength of this alone,  
an effort is made to introduce a spurious  
article totally dissimilar from the genu-  
ine!

These Pills are an effectual remedy  
for Dyspepsia Jaundice, Diseases of the  
Liver, Headache, Costiveness, Piles,  
weakness of the limbs, loss of appetite,  
dizziness, &c.

NEW CERTIFICATES

That the public may judge of the high  
reputation of this article the following  
Certificates, (which among others have  
been voluntarily presented within the  
last three days) are offered for their per-  
usal.

*Certificate of Mr. Joseph Kimball.*

The subscriber has heretofore been  
much afflicted with Jaundice, connected  
with dyspepsia, attended with pain in  
the forehead, general weakness an inde-  
scribable faintness, heart burn, and a  
great irregularity in the bowels, which  
complaints continued to increase for near-  
ly two years, notwithstanding the use  
of a great variety of remedies, designed  
to relieve them. A few months since  
I made a trial of *Jewett's Improved Vege-  
table Pills* (prepared by H. Plumley.)  
The Relief they afforded was immediate.  
I continued the medicine until I had ta-  
ken three boxes, during which time my  
strength steadily increased and I now  
enjoy a state of health far above what  
I had experienced for many years.

(Signed) JOSEPH KIMBALL.

Boston, September 16,

*Certificate of Dr. A. S. Grenville*

Having the most satisfactory evidence  
of the medical qualities, and highly sa-  
lutory operation of *Jewett's Improved  
Vegetable Pills*, (prepared by H. Plum-  
ley,) in cases of Indigestion or Dyspep-  
sia, Jaundice, Disease of the Liver, &c.  
I would confidently recommend their  
use to those who may be afflicted with  
the above class of complaints, as an in-  
valuable remedy. (Signed)

Cambridgeport, September 16, 1827.]

A. S. GRENVILLE.

*Certificate of Dr. Baunlin.*

The following is a certificate from Dr  
C. F. Baunlin, a graduate in medicine  
at the University of Gottingen, now a  
practitioner of high celebrity in Cam-  
bridge, Mass.

The subscriber has tested the effects  
of *Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills*, in  
several severe cases of Disease of the  
Liver and digestive organs, and the re-  
sult has convinced him that they are em-  
inently calculated to subserve the pur-  
pose for which they are designed. Con-  
sidering them altogether superior to  
those articles commonly offered for simi-  
lar complaints, I would cheerfully add  
my testimony in favor of so valuable a  
medicine. (Signed)

CHARLES FREDERICK BAUM-  
LIN, M. D.

The genuine Pills, marked and distin-  
guished as above, are for sale by  
ASA BARTON, Agent,  
for the Proprietor, who has also for sale  
*Jewett's Bitters*, and *Stomach Plasters*,  
with a general assortment of Family Me-  
dicines. Norway Aug. 9. 1amly9

Carding Machines.

THE subscriber is the authorized Agent for  
selling *Wine's Improved CARDING  
MACHINES*. These Machines are of a  
very superior quality, and altogether preferable  
to any other in use. They are less expensive,  
perform more and better work, will card the  
finest of wool, are tended and kept in repair  
easier, and require less power to keep them in  
operation. A credit will be given when desired,  
so liberal, that the Machine will earn the  
money it costs before payment is requested.

ALSO THE

IMPROVED GRISTMILL.

which is so constructed as to require but little  
room, can be tended and kept in repair much  
easier and cheaper than the common mill, will  
perform as much work, and as well, with a  
great deal less power. The cost is compari-  
tively trifling as about one hundred and fifty  
dollars will cover the expense for one run of  
Stones and Machinery.

Any information respecting the Carding  
Machines or Mills, may be obtained of the  
subscriber, by letter, (if post paid) or other-  
wise.

ASA BARTON, General Agent.  
Norway Village, March 23. 1ycop41

WANTED immediately, in pay-  
ment for the Oxford Observer,  
good WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,  
BEANS, BUTTER, LARD, &c. &c.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

GENIUS OF TEMPERANCE,  
*Philanthropist and People's Advocate.*

THIS publication, now commenced  
in New York, is a continuation of  
the "Philanthropist, Investigator and  
Genius of Temperance," hitherto pub-  
lished in Boston, and will continue in  
the hands of the same editors and pub-  
lishers.

It will seek, as in years past, to be an  
auxiliary to the TEMPERANCE REFOR-  
MATION, recording its progress with fi-  
delity, maintaining its principles without  
compromise, and favoring, without par-  
tiality, all those individual, local, or more  
general efforts, by which the cause has  
been or may be promoted. Belonging  
to no sect, or party, it will carefully  
guard against occasions of sectarian dis-  
sentiment, and thus endeavor to promote  
among the people at large, the work of  
self-reform on republican principles.

It will oppose intemperance, in its cau-  
ses, its concomitants, and its effects.—  
The use, manufacture, and sale of dis-  
tilled spirits; the demoralizing influen-  
ces of the theatre, and of the sensualiz-  
ing literature; the feverish thirst for am-  
usement, and passion for splendor and  
show; the spirit of reckless specula-  
tions, induced by profligate expenditure,  
the kindred mania of lottery and other  
gambling, the similar "schemes" of bank  
frauds; the venality which shelters opu-  
lant plunderers, ripening into a system  
of monopolies; the burdens of an idle  
and vicious pauperism; and the oppres-  
sions of an effeminate and knavish aris-  
tocracy; these will all be exhibited as  
connected links of the same chain of  
corruption and despotism.

It will therefore seek to build, on the  
basis of moral reform, the edifice of gen-  
eral philanthropy and the citadel of the  
people's rights. General education at  
public expense, in consistency with pa-  
rental duties and rights; the abolition  
of the imprisonment of honest debtors,  
counterbalanced by the punishment of  
fraud; the relinquishment of unjust mo-  
nopolies, the final emancipation of the  
enslaved, and the general settlement of  
national disputes without blood-shed will  
be advocated as means or as results of  
moral reform, in full confidence, that  
with the moral habits of a people, their  
intellectual and political condition will  
be elevated.

Confronting tyranny, not with that a-  
theism and licentiousness from which  
tyranny originates; but with the re-  
straints of that moral obligation, at which  
tyrants tremble, it will advocate liberty  
not licentiousness, equal rights, not the  
annihilation of rights; just laws, not  
agrarianism; the equality of men, not  
the equality of brutes.

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qually support religious liberty, and dis-  
countenance a union of church and state.  
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